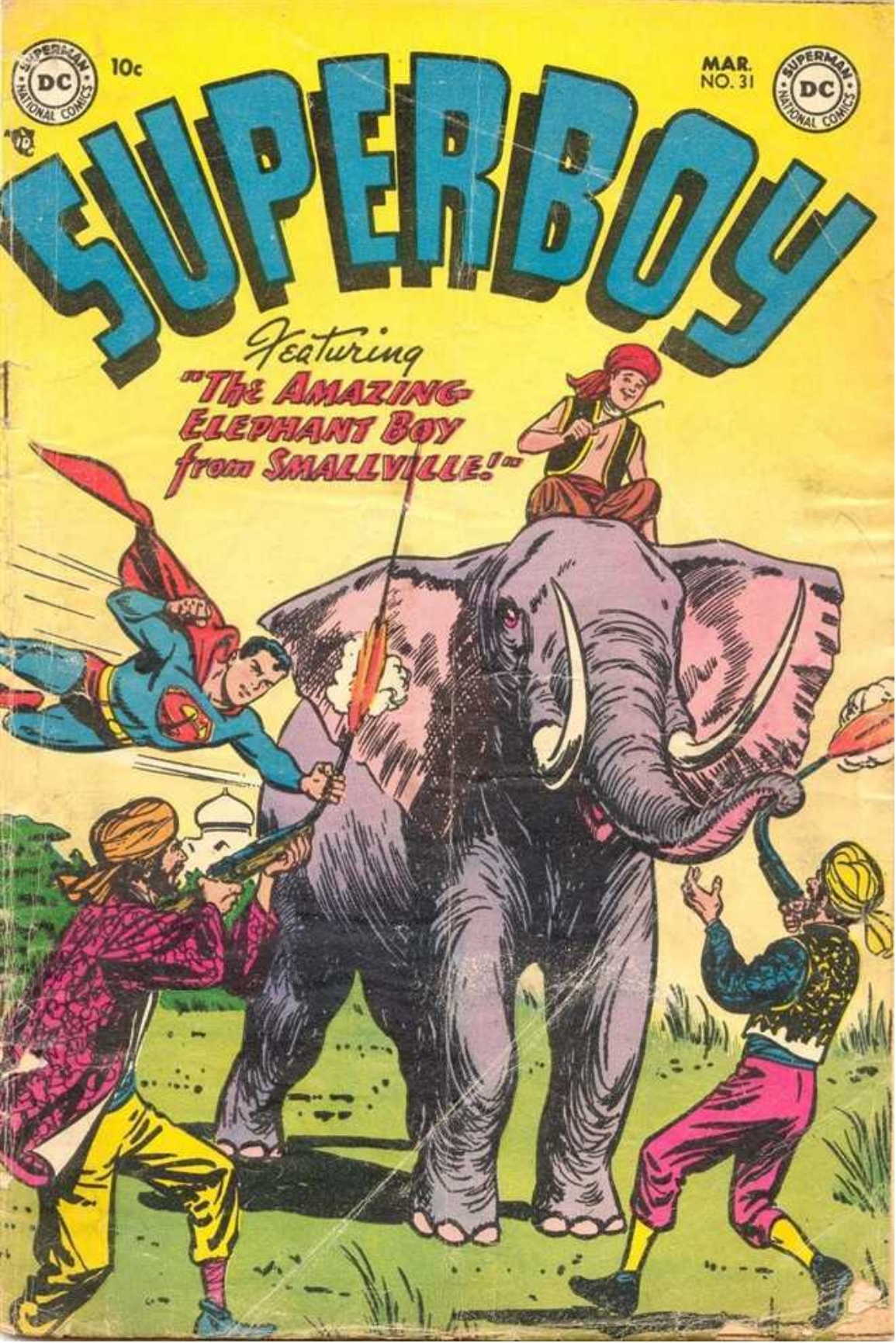
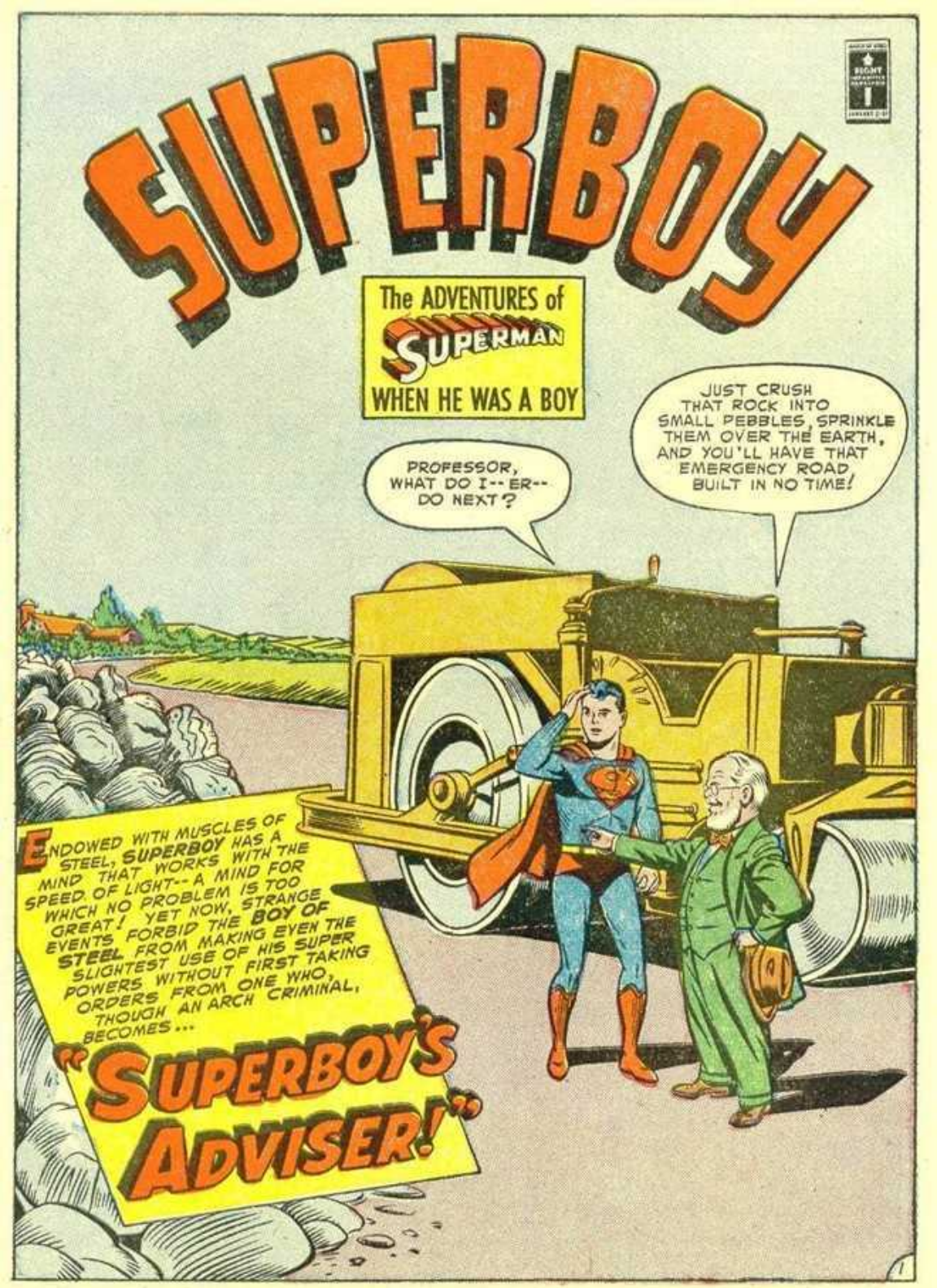

DC
10c
MAR.
NO. 31
SUPERMAN
NATIONAL COMICS
SUPERBOY
Featuring
"THE AMAZING ELEPHANT BOY from SMALLVILLE!"


SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
PROFESSOR, WHAT DO I-- ER-- DO NEXT?
JUST CRUSH THAT ROCK INTO SMALL PEBBLES, SPRINKLE THEM OVER THE EARTH, AND YOU'LL HAVE THAT EMERGENCY ROAD BUILT IN NO TIME!
ENDOWED WITH MUSCLES OF STEEL, SUPERBOY HAS A MIND THAT WORKS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT-- A MIND FOR WHICH NO PROBLEM IS TOO GREAT! YET NOW, STRANGE EVENTS FORBID THE BOY OF STEEL FROM MAKING EVEN THE SLIGHTEST USE OF HIS SUPER POWERS WITHOUT FIRST TAKING ORDERS FROM ONE WHO, THOUGH AN ARCH CRIMINAL, BECOMES...
"SUPERBOY'S ADVISER!"

SUPERBOY, No. 31, March 1954. Published monthly, with the exception of Feb., May, Aug., and Nov., by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, editor. Reentered as second class matter Oct. 13, 1953 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $1.00 including postage. Foreign, $2.00 in American funds. Entire contents copyrighted 1954 by National Comics Publications, Inc. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

ONE DAY, IN A GOVERNMENT RESEARCH LABORATORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SMALLVILLE...
THIS NEW CYCLOTRON MAY BE A GREAT BOON TO MANKIND--OR IT MAY EXPLODE IN OUR FACES! ARE YOU WILLING TO TAKE THE RISK OF DISPOSING OF IT SHOULD AN ATOMIC REACTION SET IN?
I'LL BE READY IN CASE OF DANGER!
TENSE MINUTES PASS, AND...
IT--IT'S REACHING A CRITICAL MASS! TAKE IT TO OUTER SPACE, SUPERBOY--QUICK--BEFORE IT EXPLODES!
DON'T WORRY! I'LL HAVE IT OUT OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE IN MOMENTS!
SOON, THE SILENT SEAS OF OUTER SPACE WITNESS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!
KHOOMM!
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AN INERT FIGURE PLUMMETS EARTHWARD, LANDING WITH A SICKENING CRASH!
CRASCH!
PRESENTLY...
MY HEAD--CAN'T REMEMBER WHO I AM--HOW I GOT HERE. I--I'D BETTER SEEK HELP IN THAT NEARBY TOWN!
AND, AS A STUNNED AND BLANK-MINDED SUPERBOY STUMBLES TOWARD SMALLVILLE...
LOOK! THERE'S SUPERBOY! OUR WORRIES ARE OVER! HE'LL HELP US!
SOON...
QUICK, SUPERBOY! PUT OUT THAT BLAZE!
SUPERBOY? I--I SEEM TO RECALL THAT NAME--BUT I--I CAN'T RECALL ANYTHING ELSE!

GREAT GUNS! LOOK AT HIS EXPRESSION! HE--HE HAS LOST HIS MEMORY!
YEAH--BUT HE HASN'T LOST HIS SUPER-POWERS! LET HIM USE THEM TO PUT THE FIRE OUT!
I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND. HOW CAN I USE MY POWERS TO PUT IT OUT? I--I MIGHT GET BURNED!
WAIT! I GOT IT! THAT OLD TARPAULIN THE CIRCUS LEFT HERE YEARS AGO. YOU'RE SUPERBOY! PICK IT UP AND DROP IT OVER THE CABIN. IT'LL SMOTHER THE BLAZE!
CLUB
CABIN CLUB

DUTIFULLY, THE BOY OF STEEL DOES AS HE IS TOLD. HOWEVER...
IT--IT CAUGHT FIRE, TOO! I--I THOUGHT IT WAS FIREPROOFED--BUT I GUESS YEARS OF RAIN AND SUN DETERIORATED IT!
THE FIRE MAY SPREAD TO THOSE WOODS! QUICK, SUPERBOY! BLOW IT OUT! YOU CAN DO IT!

MIGHTY LUNGS FILL WITH AIR AND EXPEL A SUPER-BLAST! BUT...
HIS SUPER BREATH--IT--SPREAD THE FIRE TO THE WOODS!
WHOOOOOSH!

A LITTLE LATER, AS THE MAYOR OF SMALLVILLE IS SUMMONED TO THE SCENE...
WHAT CAN WE HAVE HIM DO NOW?
NOTHING! DON'T YOU SEE? UNLESS SUPERBOY HIMSELF GUIDES HIS SUPER POWERS, THEY CAN DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD! WE'LL HAVE TO CALL THE GOVERNOR--DECLARE A STATE EMERGENCY TO HANDLE THAT FIRE!

THAT EVENING, IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO--PASS A TOWN LAW FORBIDDING SUPERBOY TO USE HIS POWERS UNTIL HE REGAINS HIS MEMORY!
IT'S A SHAME! HE STILL POSSESSES ALL THOSE POWERS--AND IT MAY BE WEEKS, MONTHS--BEFORE SOCIETY WILL BE ABLE TO ENJOY THEIR BENEFITS ONCE AGAIN!

THAT NIGHT, MANY MILES FROM SMALLVILLE, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THAT SHREWD SCION OF CRIMEDOM-- "BRAINSTORM" BARNEY...
NOT ONLY IS THE FOREST FIRE NOW OUT OF CONTROL, BUT LEARNED SCIENTISTS SAY THAT SUPERBOY WILL BE OUT OF ACTION UNTIL THE EFFECTS OF THE ATOMIC EXPLOSION WEAR OFF!
HEY! NO MORE SUPERBOY! WHAT A BREAK FOR US!
SHHH! ANY CHUMP WOULD KNOW THAT! BUT I JUST GOT A BRAINSTORM! I FIGURED OUT HOW WE COULD GET SUPERBOY WORKING-- FOR US-- EVEN BEFORE HIS MEMORY COMES BACK!
KLYK
HUH? HOW CAN YOU WORK THAT?
LEAVE THAT TO ME! BUT FIRST, YOU GUYS BREAK INTO EVERY NEWSPAPER OFFICE YOU CAN -- AND GRAB EVERY CLIPPING DEVOTED TO SUPERBOY'S PAST DEEDS!
NEXT MORNING...
GENTLEMEN, YOU NOW BEHOLD PROFESSOR ICHABOD HINCHWOOD-- THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORITY ON SUPERBOY! I'VE LIVED IN RETIREMENT FOR YEARS, WORKING ON MY GREAT WORK -- A LIFE HISTORY OF THE BOY OF STEEL -- AND I KNOW EVERY LAST DETAIL OF HIS CAREER.
SO NOW YOU'RE PLAYING CHARACTER PARTS. WHAT'S THAT MEAN TO US?
PLENTY -- AS THE WORLD WILL SOON FIND OUT. THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...
GENTLEMEN -- ARE YOU WILLING TO DEPRIVE THE WORLD OF SUPERBOY'S MAGNIFICENT POWERS -- WHEN I CAN TELL YOU HOW THEY CAN STILL BE USED FOR THE GOOD OF SOCIETY?
IF YOU CAN PROVE YOUR STATEMENT, MAYBE NOT!
BEHOLD -- MY NOTES -- CONTAINING EVERY DETAIL PERTAINING TO THE LIFE OF SUPERBOY. I HAVE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO A STUDY OF HIS CAREER, AND KNOW HOW HE HAS HANDLED EVERY PROBLEM HE EVER FACED!

I KNOW HOW HE COPED WITH EVERY DIFFICULTY HE EVER MET-- FROM AVALANCHES TO POISONOUS ZOOPHYTES! IT'S ALL AT MY FINGERTIPS! WITH ME AS HIS ADVISER, THE WORLD CAN HAVE FULL USE OF HIS SPLENDID POWERS TILL HE REGAINS HIS MEMORY!
HMM... A VERY INTERESTING PROPOSAL, PROFESSOR!
HOWEVER, WE MUST PUT IT TO A TEST. HOW WOULD YOU HAVE HIM STOP THE FOREST FIRE NOW RAGING?
THE WAY HE ONCE PUT OUT A FOREST FIRE IN WYOMING! ALL HE HAS TO DO IS SMASH A NUMBER OF HUGE BOULDERS OVER THE AREA INTO DUST, AND THE DUST WILL SMOTHER THE FLAMES!
SOON, AS THE PHONEY PROFESSOR'S SUGGESTION IS PUT TO THE TEST...
I--I HOPE IT WORKS. AFTER ALL, THIS FIRE IS REALLY MY FAULT!
AND MOMENTS LATER, AS "HINCHWOOD" SURVEYS THE RESULT...
NOT AN EMBER LEFT! NOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BLOW THE DUST AND CINDERS INTO THE SEA AND NO TRACE WILL REMAIN!
PRESENTLY, AT THE SMALLVILLE CITY HALL...
SUPERBOY, I PROMISE, THAT WITH ME AS YOUR ADVISER, YOUR POWERS WILL ONCE AGAIN BE EMPLOYED TO DESTROY EVIL AND SPREAD GOOD.
I CERTAINLY HOPE SO, PROFESSOR!
VILLE
TY HALL
THAT EVENING, "HINCHWOOD" PRESIDES OVER ANOTHER MEETING...
YESSIR--WE NOW HAVE A NEW MEMBER OF THE MOB; BOYS--SUPERBOY! I'LL SHOW HIM HOW TO MEET EMERGENCIES--BUT FIRST YOU LADS WILL MAKE THOSE EMERGENCIES-- AND WHEN, HE UNMAKES THEM, HE'LL BE MAKING US MILLIONAIRES!
WHAT A BRAINSTORM, BRAINSTORM!

BRAINSTORM'S PLANS WORK SMOOTHLY, AND EARLY NEXT MORNING...
THERE'S A CRACK IN THE DAM--AND THE WATERS ARE RAGING DOWN SMALLVILLE RIVER--THREATENING TO OVERFLOW THE BANKS AND FLOOD THE TOWN!
THIS CALLS FOR ACTION--SUPER ACTION! LET'S GO, MY LAD! YOU CAN PREVENT THIS DISASTER THE WAY YOU ONCE STOPPED A FLOOD IN MISSISSIPPI!
SOON...
THE BOYS SURE DID A GOOD JOB, CRACKING THE DAM. THIS'LL NET US A FORTUNE!
HMM... ONLY ONE THING TO DO--AND THAT'S TO DIG A SUPER-DITCH SO THE WATER FROM THE RIVER WILL BE DIVERTED INTO THAT SMALL STREAM WHICH BYPASSES THE TOWN!
PRESENTLY...
AAAH--WHAT A HANDY LITTLE GADGET HE IS TO HAVE AROUND--ESPECIALLY WHEN HE'S WORKING WITH MY BRAINS!
THE RE-ROUTED RIVER ROARS DOWN THE NARROW STREAM, AND...
HEY--LOOK--THAT FLOOD WATER'S KNOCKING ALL OUR EQUIPMENT DOWNSTREAM!
YEAH--AND IT'S ALSO WASHING DOWN ALL THE GOLD DEPOSITS HERE!
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, SOME MILES DOWNSTREAM...
WHAT A WINDFALL! HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS IN PURE GOLD WASHED RIGHT INTO OUR WAITING HANDS!
THAT BRAINSTORM SURE GETS SLICK IDEAS--AND WITH SUPERBOY HELPING HIM, WE'LL BE RICH IN NO TIME!
A LITTLE LATER, AS THE CRIMINALS DRIVE AWAY...
NOW TO GET THEM CATTLE STAMPEDING ON THE OTHER END OF TOWN!
YESSIR! SUPERBOY SAVES THE INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM A STAMPEDE, AND WE COLLECT HALF A MILLION! WHAT A RACKET THIS IS!

SO, A LITTLE LATER, SUPERBOY AND HIS ADVISER FIND THEMSELVES CONFRONTED WITH ANOTHER TASK...
WE'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST-- BUT WITH YOUR STRENGTH AND MY MEMORY ABOUT HOW YOU SOLVE THESE PROBLEMS IT'LL BE EASY, MY LAD. JUST STAMP DOWN ON THE EARTH WHERE THE CATTLE ARE ABOUT TO RUSH--HARD!
MOMENTS AFTERWARD...
SEEMS SILLY--BUT HIS ADVICE WORKED TWICE ALREADY--AND I CAN'T SEE ANY HARM IN JUMPING UP AND DOWN! HAVE TO WORK FAST--AND COVER LOTS OF GROUND!
AND, AS THE THUNDERING CATTLE ROAR FORWARD...
HMM--THAT'S CLEVER! I--I GUESS ONE DAY I'LL BE ABLE TO THINK OF INGENIOUS WAYS TO USE MY POWERS!
THAT'LL STOP THEM! YOUR STAMPING CONVERTED THAT HARD GROUND TO LOOSE SAND--AND THEY CAN'T GET FAR FLOUNDERING AROUND KNEE-DEEP IN THAT!
THAT DAY BETTER COME SOON, SUPERBOY--BEFORE MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE SWINDLED! LATER, IN A NEARBY HOME...
TOO BAD SUPERBOY'S STAMPING CAUSED VIBRATIONS THAT SHATTERED YOUR PRECIOUS MING VASES, GENTLEMEN--BUT THE INSURANCE COMPANY WILL PAY FULL VALUE ON YOUR POLICY!
HEH-HEH--A HALF MILLION ON PHONY VASES TOO SMASHED UP TO BE TOLD FROM THE ORIGINALS! WHAT A RACKET!
LATER, AS BRAINSTORM MEETS WITH HIS PALS...
WHILE YOU BOYS COUNT THE PROFITS, I'M FIGURING OUT A RECIPE FOR A HOME-MADE VOLCANO THAT'LL DOUBLE OUR TAKE!
HUH? I DON'T GET IT!
ANCIENT LEGEND SAYS THAT MOUNT POTASH OUTSIDE SMALLVILLE IS AN EXTINCT VOLCANO. I'M GONNA REVIVE IT--AND WHEN IT WAKES UP TOMORROW--AAAH--WHAT A GLORIOUS MORNING THAT WILL BE!

THAT NIGHT, AT POTASH MOUNTAIN...
THESE EXPLOSIVES AND CHEMICALS WILL MAKE PLENTY OF NOISE AND SMOKE TOMORROW!
YEAH--AND THEN SUPERBOY COMES TO THE RESCUE--HA-HA!
EXPLOSIVES
NEXT MORNING, AS SMALLVILLE AWAKES...
LOOK! THE OLD STORY OF A VOLCANO IN MOUNT POTASH MUST BE TRUE!
BAPPOOM
TERROR STRIKES THE ON-LOOKERS--BUT BEFORE PANIC CAN SPREAD...
HAVE NO FEARS, MY FRIENDS. I'VE FIGURED OUT JUST WHAT TO DO TO ELIMINATE THE THREAT OF THAT VOLCANO FOREVER! LISTEN CAREFULLY, SUPERBOY.
I WANT YOU TO PULL THAT MOUNTAIN UP BY THE ROOTS, THEN RAM IT FACE DOWN INTO HADLEY SWAMP! THE SWAMP WATERS WILL EXTINGUISH IT FOREVER!
YES, SIR!
THE BOY OF STEEL DOES AS HE IS TOLD, AND MOMENTS LATER...
BOOM
THE VOLCANO--IT--IT EXPLODED IN HIS FACE!
DON'T WORRY! IT CAN'T HURT HIM! HE'S GOT A HEAD LIKE IRON!
YEAH--AND IT'S FULL OF ROCKS!
SHOP
8

PRESENTLY, THE BOY OF STEEL DOES AS HE IS TOLD, AND...
THERE! NOW YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER!
WHAMMP
AND, LATER THAT DAY...
WELL, IT WORKED PERFECT-- BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA CASH IN ON IT?
DON'T YOU GET IT? THAT SWAMP LAND WAS WORTHLESS -- AND I GOT AN OPTION TO BUY IT! NOW THAT IT'S FILLED IN, IT'LL BRING A FORTUNE!
I SEE! WE CAN SELL IT FOR A THOUSAND TIMES WHAT YOU PAID FOR IT!
YESSIR-- I HATE TO LEAVE A GOOD THING, BUT WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO LIVE LIKE KINGS THE REST OF OUR LIVES AFTER THE LAST JOB I GOT PLANNED. LISTEN CAREFULLY!
NEXT DAY, IN THE HEART OF SMALLVILLE..
STOP, THIEF-- STOP!
HA, HA-- SUPERBOY WILL STOP US -- AND EVEN PUT US IN JAIL FOR STICKING UP THAT JOINT!
YEAH-- BUT WITHOUT KNOWING IT, HE'LL HELP US OUT AGAIN, AND HELP BRAINSTORM ROB SMALLVILLE BANK!
624
JEWELRY
AS THE DESPERATE DUO FLEES...
STOP, SUPERBOY-- YOU'RE NOT USING YOUR HEAD! IF YOU GO RIGHT FOR THEM, THERE'S BOUND TO BE GUNPLAY, AND SOME INNOCENT BYSTANDER IS SURE TO BE HURT!

DIVE UNDERGROUND AND TUNNEL YOUR WAY DIRECTLY BENEATH THEM. THEN YOU CAN USE YOUR X-RAY VISION TO COME TO THE SURFACE AT THEIR FEET AND GRAB THEM INTO THE TUNNEL WITH YOU!
HMM... SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD PLAN.
THE BOY OF STEEL DIVES DEEP BENEATH THE PAVEMENT WHILE...
THAT'S IT, MY LAD! TUNNEL YOUR WAY UNDER THE RICHEST BANK IN THE WORLD--SO THAT TONIGHT IT WILL BE CHILD'S PLAY FOR ME TO USE THAT TUNNEL AND GET AWAY WITH MILLIONS!
SPLATT
FORTUNATELY, THE TUNNEL ALSO EXTENDS RIGHT BENEATH THE TOWN JAIL, SO IT'LL BE EASY FOR ME TO PICK THE BOYS UP BEFORE I DO THE JOB!
THAT EVENING, IN THE SMALLVILLE JAIL...
LET'S GO, BOYS--BY WAY OF SUPERBOY TUNNEL--RIGHT TO THE BANK'S VAULTS!
SUDDENLY...
JUST A SECOND! AREN'T YOU GOING TO WAIT SO I CAN THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME GET MY MEMORY BACK?
HUH? W-WE H-HELPED YOU?
CRASSSH
CERTAINLY. WHEN THE MOUNTAIN EXPLODED IN MY FACE, THE SHOCK RESTORED MY MEMORY. I CONTINUED TO PLAY ALONG WITH YOU BECAUSE IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO CHANGE HADLEY SWAMP INTO A TOWN BALL PARK--AND BECAUSE I WANTED TO CATCH YOU WITH THE GOODS!
NOW THAT I HAVE, LET ME RETURN YOUR FAVOR, AND GIVE YOU BOYS A LITTLE ADVICE. WHEN YOU GET OUT OF THIS JAIL, ABOUT TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW, YOU'LL BE A LOT HAPPIER IF YOU GO STRAIGHT!
HE'S REPAIRED THE CELL. WE'RE THROUGH!
THE END
10

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
I'VE GOT A SCOOP FOR YOU, ALEX! I JUST CAUGHT THE SOCKS SAUNDERS GANG AND...
THAT YARN? IT'S OLD STUFF BY NOW, SUPERBOY! SEE?... I'VE ALREADY WRITTEN IT UP!
W. DODGE
EDITOR
SUPERBOY CAPTURES SAUNDERS GANG
HOW IS IT POSSIBLE? HOW CAN ALEX JONES-- SEATED ALONE AT HIS DESK BARELY BUDGING FROM THE OFFICE OF THE SMALLVILLE HERALD-- BRING IN SCOOPS ABOUT SUPERBOY BEFORE THE BOY OF STEEL HIMSELF CAN EVEN REPORT THEM? SEE IF YOU YOURSELF CAN SOLVE THIS STARTLING ENIGMA OF...
"The DEMON REPORTER!"

ONE EVENING, AS CLARK KENT SITS DOWN TO DINNER WITH HIS FOSTER PARENTS...
OH, OH... MY SUPER-HEARING JUST PICKED UP THE SOUND OF A BURGLAR ALARM DOWNTOWN! MUST HURRY OVER THERE!
HMPH--WHAT A SHAME! NOW YOUR FOOD WILL GET COLD!
A HASTY SHUCKING OF HIS OUTER GARMENTS--AND THE MILD-MANNERED YOUTH QUICKLY BECOMES...
...SUPERBOY--THE BOY OF STEEL!
SECONDS LATER, AT A JEWELRY STORE IN THE CENTER OF SMALLVILLE...
WELL-WELL... THE BLACK MASK GANG! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO A MEETING WITH YOU BOYS!
QUIT SHOOTING, YOU SAP! THOSE BULLETS ONLY BOUNCE OFF HIM--AND MAY HIT US!
HUH? SUPERBOY!
JEWELRY
BANG BANG
BUT THERE'S A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR SUPERBOY WHEN HE DELIVERS THE HOODS TO JAIL...
HELLO?... WHAT?? YOU'RE THE EDITOR OF THE SMALLVILLE HERALD, CHECKING A STORY ONE OF YOUR REPORTERS TURNED IN ON SUPERBOY'S CAPTURE OF THE BLACK MASK GANG?
HOLY SMOKES--THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE CAPTURE WAS MADE ONLY A FEW MINUTES AGO!
THAT REPORTER MUST'VE BEEN WORKING AWFULLY FAST! EVEN IF HE SAW ME TAKING THOSE CROOKS TO THE POLICE STATION, HOW COULD HE HAVE BEEN SURE THEY WERE MEMBERS OF THE BLACK MASK GANG?
POLICE STA
AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING... FOR IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, THE SMALLVILLE HERALD CONTINUES TO HEADLINE SUPERBOY'S FEATS ALMOST BEFORE THEY HAPPEN!
Smallville Herald
SUPERBOY THWARTS BANK HOLDUP
By Alex Jones
Smallville Herald
SUPERBOY CAPTURES CIRCUS CROOKS
By Alex Jones
Smallville Herald
RBOY HALTS PAYROLL ROBBERY
By Alex Jones
Smallville Herald

FINALLY, ONE MORNING...
GET YOUR COPY OF THE HERALD! READ ALEX JONES' STORY OF HOW SUPERBOY CAPTURED THE MARTIN GANG!
WHAT--? I'VE JUST DELIVERED THOSE CROOKS TO JAIL, AND ALREADY THE NEWS IS OUT! NO REPORTER COULD GET A SCOOP THAT FAST! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT HOW IT'S DONE!
THUS, A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE SMALLVILLE HERALD...
SO YOU'RE ALEX JONES--THE DEMON REPORTER WHO'S BEEN GETTING SO MANY SCOOPS ABOUT MY ACTIVITIES! WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME HOW YOU DO IT?
SORRY, SUPERBOY--NEWSPAPERMEN NEVER REVEAL THEIR SOURCES OF INFORMATION, YOU KNOW!
I'VE GOT MY OWN SECRET METHODS--AND BEFORE I'M THROUGH, I'LL GET A JOB ON A REAL BIG CITY NEWSPAPER! EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT MY SCOOPS ALREADY!
HMM... I SEE I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOME SPECIAL WAY TO LEARN WHAT MAKES THIS FELLOW SUCH A STAR REPORTER!
SO NEXT DAY, A NEW JOB HUNTER APPEARS AT THE HERALD OFFICE...
SORRY, YOUNGSTER--WE DON'T NEED ANYBODY TO WORK IN THE OFFICE...BUT WE CAN USE A FEW MORE NEWSBOYS!
WELL...BEING A NEWSBOY IS BETTER THAN NOTHING!
THANK YOU, SIR... I'D LIKE TO TRY SELLING PAPERS!
EDITOR
FINE! AND MAYBE YOU CAN WIN THE $1,000 PRIZE WE OFFER TO ANY NEWSBOY WHO CAN GET US 1,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS!
HMM... ALEX JONES NEVER SEEMS TO LEAVE HIS DESK! HE'S A LAZY REPORTER--YET HOW DOES HE GET THOSE SCOOPS ABOUT SUPERBOY?
EDITOR
AFTER A FEW DAYS ON THE JOB, CLARK IS AS FAR FROM A SOLUTION AS EVER...
HERE'S THE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS I GOT TODAY, SIR! ER...SAY--DOESN'T THAT REPORTER EVER GO OUT TO COVER A STORY?
ALEX JONES? HE'S AN AMAZING FELLOW! JUST SEEMS TO LOAF AROUND HIS DESK ALL DAY!
3

BUT WHY COMPLAIN? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYBODY LIKE HIM, WHEN IT COMES TO GETTING A SCOOP ABOUT SUPERBOY! HE'S A REAL WHIZ AT IT!
INCREDIBLE! ALEX JONES GETS THOSE STORIES ABOUT ME INTO PRINT-- ALMOST BEFORE I COULD DO IT MYSELF! BUT HOW?-- HOW??
SHORTLY, AS CLARK HEADS HOME...
WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, FELLA?
SOB
AW... I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BAWL LIKE THAT! IT'S JUST THAT-- EVERYTHING SEEMS SO HOPELESS!
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT? MAYBE YOU'LL FEEL BETTER!
MY NAME'S PAUL LINDELL! I LIVE WITH MY MA IN A HOUSE ON CHESTNUT STREET... ONLY WE'RE NOT GONNA BE LIVING THERE MUCH LONGER-- 'CAUSE THE MORTGAGE MEN ARE GONNA TAKE IT AWAY!
AND YOU'VE BEEN SELLING PAPERS TO HELP MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY THE MORTGAGE?
I GUESS IT SOUNDS SILLY, BUT EVERY PENNY HELPS! BESIDES, I WAS HOPIN' TO WIN THE GRAND PRIZE FOR GETTING 1,000 NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE PAPER!
HMM... WITH MY X-RAY VISION, I CAN SEE HIS ORDER PAD FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS! HE'S BEEN TRYING HARD--BUT HE'S STILL ABOUT 200 SUBSCRIBERS SHORT!
THAT $1,000 WOULD SAVE YOUR HOME, EH, PAUL? WELL, DON'T GIVE UP HOPE... THE CONTEST DOESN'T END UNTIL TOMORROW AFTERNOON!
BUT I'VE TALKED TO ALMOST EVERY-BODY IN TOWN, AND I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET ANY NEW ORDERS!
LATER, BACK AT THE KENT HOME...
AS SUPERBOY, I CAN HELP PAUL GET THE SUBSCRIPTIONS HE NEEDS! BUT IN ORDER TO BE FAIR TO THE NEWSBOYS, I'LL ONLY ASSIST HIM WITH SUBSCRIBERS THAT NO ONE ELSE COULD GET-- AND I'LL LET HIM MAKE ALL THE SUGGESTIONS!

SOON AFTER...
S-SUPERBOY! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
MY FRIEND CLARK KENT TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR PROBLEM, PAUL, AND I FIGURED MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU PICK UP NEW SUBSCRIBERS! GOT ANY IDEAS?
HOW ABOUT MINERS? THEY WORK HUNDREDS OF FEET UNDERGROUND--AND THEY'D BE HAPPY TO HAVE A PAPER DURING THEIR LUNCH HOUR! BUT HOW COULD I DELIVER IT, SUPERBOY?
TAKING THE THICK BRANCH OF A TREE, SUPERBOY SHARPENS IT INTO A POINTED STAKE, AND THEN...
MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS THERE'S NO ONE IN THE MAIN MINE TUNNEL, 200 FEET DOWN! WATCH THIS, PAUL...
THROUGH 200 FEET OF DIRT AND ROCK, SUPERBOY HURLS THE SHARPENED STAKE TOWARD THE MINE TUNNEL FAR BELOW!
NEXT, HE LOWERS ROLLED NEWSPAPERS ON LONG STRINGS OF CABLE WIRE, SO THAT...
HEY! SOMEBODY'S DELIVERING TODAY'S HERALD!
FINALLY, IN A SUPER-LOUD VOICE...
HELLO, THERE! IF YOU'D LIKE TO KEEP GETTING THE PAPER THIS WAY, JUST SIGN THE SUBSCRIPTION BLANKS--AND NEWSBOY PAUL LINDELL WILL CONTINUE DELIVERING THEM!

THUS, BEFORE LONG...
GOLLY! WE GOT NEARLY 100 SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM THOSE MINERS!
YES--AND IT'LL BE UP TO YOU, PAUL, TO MAKE SURE THEY GET THEIR PAPERS REGULARLY! NOW, HAVE YOU GOT ANOTHER IDEA WHERE WE MAY PICK UP SOME UNUSUAL SUBSCRIBERS?
HOW ABOUT THOSE UNDERSEA DIVERS WHO ARE BUILDING THE NEW CITY DOCK? WORKING UNDER WATER ALL DAY, THEY'D LOVE TO HAVE A NEWSPAPER, I'LL BET!
HA, HA... THAT'S SOME ORDER! BUT MAYBE WE CAN FIND A WAY TO DO IT!
I DON'T SEE HOW! EVEN IF WE COULD GET NEWSPAPERS DOWN THERE, HOW'D THEY POSSIBLY READ THEM?
YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE, PAUL, ONCE I HAVE THE PROPER EQUIPMENT!

AND ON THE RIVER BOTTOM...
THESE DISCARDED MILK BOTTLES AND BROKEN BITS OF GLASS ARE JUST WHAT I NEED!
HOW CAN MILK BOTTLES AND BROKEN GLASS SOLVE THE PROBLEM? CAN YOU GUESS?

MOMENTS LATER, BACK ON THE DOCK...
FIRST, I'LL TOSS THIS GLASS SO RAPIDLY THAT THE FRICTION OF THE AIR MELTS AND FUSES IT!
WOW.. WHAT SPEED! I CAN HARDLY SEE IT!

NOW, WHILE IT'S STILL SOFT, I CAN BLOW IT INTO A PERFECT HOLLOW SPHERE.. LIKE A BATHYSPHERE! BUT I'LL NEED A SOURCE OF LIGHT!
6

SOON...
THAT BATTERY-POWERED LIGHT I RIGGED UP WILL DO THE JOB... AND BY PUTTING THE DIFFERENT PAGES FLAT AGAINST THE INSIDE, THEY'RE EASILY READABLE!
AND WHEN SUPERBOY LOWERS HIS GLASS-ENCLOSED NEWSPAPER INTO THE INKY RIVER DEPTHS...
SAY... NOT BAD! WE CAN READ WHILE WE WORK!
YEAH! GETTING NEWS OF THE WORLD OUTSIDE SURE MAKES THIS JOB SEEM LESS LONELY!
AND SO, EN ROUTE BACK TO THE SMALLVILLE HERALD...
GOSH, SUPERBOY, WE GOT PLENTY OF SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM THOSE DIVERS!
I ONLY HELPED CARRY OUT YOUR IDEAS, PAUL! IT'S UP TO YOU TO MAKE SURE THEIR PAPERS ARE DELIVERED ON SCHEDULE, AND-- HMM... WHAT'S THAT?
THOSE ARE THE FELLOWS TRYING TO SET A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR FLAGPOLE SITTING! THEY'RE LIKELY SUBSCRIBERS TOO-- EH, SUPERBOY?
RIGHT... AND WITH THIS OLD TIRE TUBE, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO REACH THEM!
AN OLD TIRE TUBE? WHAT DOES THE BOY OF STEEL HAVE IN MIND NOW?
STRETCHING THE RUBBER INTO THE SHAPE OF A SLINGSHOT, HE ANCHORS IT TO A NEARBY LAMPPOST, AND...
I'LL HAVE TO MEASURE THIS FIRST SHOT ACCURATELY!
WHAP
THERE IT GOES, SPECIAL DELIVERY!

SAY--THIS IS SWELL! WE INTEND TO BE UP HERE FOR TWO MONTHS! HOW ABOUT GIVING US A REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION?
GLADLY!
AND PRESENTLY, BACK AT THE HERALD OFFICE...
IT'LL TAKE PRACTICE TO LEARN HOW TO DELIVER PAPERS BY SLINGSHOT-- BUT I'LL DO IT, SUPERBOY! THANKS TO YOU, I ONLY NEED A FEW MORE TO WIN THE GRAND PRIZE!
WE'LL MAKE ANOTHER TOUR LATER, PAUL!
RIGHT NOW, I WANT TO CHECK UP ON ALEX JONES! HE'S PROBABLY WRITTEN UP THE STORY OF THIS TRIP ALREADY!
SMALLVILLE HERALD
BUT STRANGELY ENOUGH, AFTER SUPERBOY SWITCHES BACK TO HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY...
HO HUM... NOT MUCH EXCITEMENT IN THIS TOWN LATELY, EH, CLARK? WONDER WHERE SUPERBOY'S BEEN KEEPING HIMSELF?
ODD... HE SEEMS TO KNOW IMMEDIATELY WHEN I CATCH UP WITH CROOKS-- BUT HE ISN'T EVEN AWARE OF WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING THIS PAST HOUR!
AND THAT EVENING, AFTER DINNER...
THE SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST ENDS TONIGHT, SO I'D BETTER FIND PAUL AND HELP HIM GET THE REMAINING.. WAIT! THERE GOES ANOTHER BURGLAR ALARM!
TOO BAD THIS HAD TO HAPPEN! I WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP PAUL NOW... IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO STOP THOSE CROOKS!
AND EVEN BEFORE THE BURGLAR ALARM HAS CEASED ITS SHRILL RINGING...
WHAT A HAUL! THESE RARE FOREIGN CAMERAS ARE WORTH A GRAND APIECE!
WELL, IF THEY'RE LOOKING FOR RARE CAMERAS-- PERHAPS I CAN OBLIGE!
CAMERA SHOP

A SPLIT-SECOND TRIP TO A FIREWORKS FACTORY, AND SUPERBOY RETURNS WITH ENOUGH MAGNESIUM POWDER FOR A SPECTACULAR "PHOTOGRAPH"!
HOLD IT! AH--THAT'S PERFECT!
SUPERBOY!
YEOW! I'M BLINDED!
CLICK!
THEN, AS HE MAKES OFF WITH THE STILL-DAZZLED CAMERA CROOKS...
GREAT SCOTT! MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS A SMALL MICROPHONE HIDDEN IN THE WALL NEAR THE BURGLAR ALARM!
THAT EXPLAINS HOW ALEX JONES HAS BEEN GETTING HIS SCOOPS! HE MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF WALKIE-TALKIE IN HIS DESK, AND IT'S TUNED IN TO HIDDEN MIKES NEAR EVERY ALARM SYSTEM IN SMALLVILLE!
USING HIS SUPER-VISION, THE BOY OF TOMORROW SOON CONFIRMS HIS DISCOVERY...
THERE'S ALEX, ALL RIGHT--TAKING DOWN NOTES ON EVERYTHING HE HEARD ON HIS RECEIVING SET! IT'S THE RINGING OF THE BURGLAR ALARM THAT PUTS HIS SYSTEM INTO OPERATION-- AND HE OVER-HEARS EVERYTHING ON THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!
BUT WITH ONE PROBLEM SOLVED, SUPERBOY FACES DEFEAT IN ANOTHER...
YOU SAVED THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN RARE CAMERAS FROM BEING STOLEN, SUPERBOY!
THANKS, CHIEF!
GOSH--ONLY TWO MINUTES TILL THE CONTEST DEADLINE! I'M AFRAID PAUL LINDELL WILL BE A COUPLE SHORT OF THE WINNING TOTAL!
WANTED
SO LONG, SUPERBOY! IT'S NO DISGRACE, BEING CAPTURED BY YOU! I'M EVEN GONNA SAVE THE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS!
YEAH! I BET WE GET OUR PICTURES IN ALL DA PAPERS!
WHAT--? OF COURSE.. THAT'S THE ANSWER!
9

A ROCKET-SWIFT TRIP TO THE SMALLVILLE HERALD, AND THEN TO THE HOME OF PAUL LINDELL...

S-SUPERBOY! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

THANKS TO ALEX JONES, THE STORY OF MY CAPTURE OF THOSE CAMERA CROOKS IS ALREADY IN PRINT! WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!

NEXT SECOND, BACK AT THE POLICE STATION...

GEE! THE WHOLE STORY OF HOW WE WERE CAUGHT BY SUPERBOY!

THERE'LL BE MORE DETAILS IN LATER EDITIONS! SIGN UP FOR A SUBSCRIPTION NOW-- AND I'LL DELIVER YOUR NEWSPAPERS CARE OF THE SMALLVILLE JAIL!

AND SO, WITH THE LAST FEW SUBSCRIBERS SIGNED UP...

CONGRATULATIONS, MY BOY! YOU GOT 1,000 NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, PAUL, WITHIN THE ALLOTTED TIME! THAT ENTITLES YOU TO $1,000!

G-GOLLY! MOM AND I CAN STAY IN OUR HOUSE, AFTER ALL! AND-AND I OWE EVERYTHING TO SUPERBOY!

EDITOR

10

SOME DAYS LATER...

SAY, CLARK--DID YOU READ ABOUT REPORTER ALEX JONES BEING SIGNED BY A BIG CITY NEWSPAPER? WE WON'T BE GETTING ANY MORE SCOOPS ABOUT SUPERBOY!

GOOD! AND I'VE ALREADY REMOVED THE CLEVERLY CONCEALED MIKES ALEX JONES PLANTED NEAR ALL THE BURGLAR ALARMS!

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

FEARLESS FOSDICK by Al Capp

EGAD!! ONE MUST BE DETECTIVE FOSDICK- SO THE OTHER MUST BE SHUDDER- ANYFACE THE WORLD'S TRICKIEST CRIMINAL!!

I'M FOSDICK

AHA!! I'VE GOT YOU THERE!! HOW CAN YOU BE FOSDICK, WHEN I AM? AND, ON THE SALARY THEY PAY ME- HARDLY ONE FOSDICK CAN LIVE!!

YOU ARE NOT FOSDICK, FOSDICK!! TURN IN YOUR BADGE!!

TURN IN YOUR HEAD, ANYFACE!! I'M SURE YOU'RE NOT ME BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL TO KEEP MY HAIR NEAT- BUT YOURS IS A MESS!!

@!!★@ IF I'D THOUGHT OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL I'D HAVE AVOIDED ARREST!!

YOU COULD'VE AVOIDED LOOSE DANDRUFF, TOO!! SAME GOES FOR YOU, CHIEF. GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE!

THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL MY NAME IS IRVING!

BUZZY says "START THE DAY OFF RIGHT!"

DANNY, COME RIGHT BACK HERE! YOU'VE GOTTEN SO YOU DON'T EAT ANY BREAKFAST ANY MORE.'
SORRY, MOM. GOT TO HURRY OR I'LL BE LATE TO SCHOOL... HI, BUZZY, WAIT FOR ME.

IF THIS KIND OF WORK KEEPS UP, YOU WON'T BE ELIGIBLE TO PLAY BASKETBALL MUCH LONGER, DANNY. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
I DON'T KNOW, MISS JONES. I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO THINK FAST ENOUGH.'
FAILED

GOSH, DANNY, WE'LL NEVER WIN OUR GAMES AT THIS RATE. YOU USED TO BE OUR STAR PLAYER -- NOW YOU SEEM TO FOLD UP AFTER THE FIRST HOUR'S PRACTICE.'
LOCKER ROOM
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME, BUZZY. JUST TIRED, I GUESS.

EAT A GOOD BREAKFAST EVERY DAY
JUICE OR FRUIT
CEREAL
MILK OR MILK BEVERAGE
BREAD WITH BUTTER OR MARGARINE
OTHER FOODS SUCH AS EGGS MEAT, ETC.
HERE'S AN IMPORTANT RULE FOR EVERY TEAM MEMBER. BREAKING IT MEANS YOU GET TIRED EASILY AND CAN'T DO WELL ON THE TEAM -- OR IN SCHOOL, EITHER.
COACH

NEXT MORNING...
DANNY'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, BUZZY. HE GOT UP IN PLENTY OF TIME TO EAT HIS BREAKFAST TODAY.'
SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A GOOD BASKETBALL SEASON THIS YEAR, AFTER ALL.'

PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE ASSEMBLY, COORDINATING ORGANIZATION FOR NATIONAL HEALTH, WELFARE AND RECREATION AGENCIES OF THE U. S.

VARSITY VIC ?
HENRY BOLTINOFF
I'M GLAD I RAN INTO YOU DOWNTOWN, LOIS. I'VE GOT PASSES FOR THE MOVIES. CARE TO GO?
I'D LOVE TO, VIC. BUT WHAT CAN I DO WITH MY DOG?
SAY - I'VE GOT A SWELL IDEA! NOW, LISTEN -
I'LL WAIT FOR YOU OUT HERE!
POLICE STATION
I FOUND A DOG. HE MUST BE LOST!

NOW TO THE MOVIES!
AND...
THE PICTURE WAS SWELL. NOW LET'S GO AND GET YOUR DOG!
THE END
WAS A LOST DOG TURNED IN HERE?
YES! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE A TWO DOLLAR REWARD FOR THE FINDER!
OKAY. NOW YOU GO IN!
HOW DO YOU DO, MISS. A GENTLEMAN CLAIMED THE DOG. HERE'S THE REWARD MONEY!
NEAT IDEA, WASN'T IT?
THE END

JOHNNY APPLESEED!

JOHNNY APPLESEED WAS A LEGENDARY NEW ENGLAND PIONEER WHO WENT ABOUT THE COUNTRY PLANTING APPLE TREES FAR AND WIDE! IN REAL LIFE, HE WAS JOHNNY CHAPMAN, BELIEVED TO BE BORN ABOUT 1774 OR 1775 IN EITHER BOSTON OR SPRINGFIELD, MASS. THE LOVING CARE HE GAVE HIS APPLE TREES EVENTUALLY LED TO HIS DEATH!
THIS HAPPENED AFTER A LONG AND HARD JOURNEY THROUGH A RAGING STORM TO ONE OF HIS APPLE ORCHARDS ON MARCH 11, 1847! THAT RIDE COST HIM HIS LIFE FOR HE CONTRACTED PNEUMONIA SOON AFTER AND DIED!
HE WAS LOOKED UP TO BY THE INDIANS AS A COMBINATION OF SAINT AND MEDICINE MAN, WHO KNEW THE WAYS OF THE FORESTS AND ITS ANIMALS!
IT IS AUTHENTIC FACT THAT HE RODE TO WARN THE NEW ENGLAND SETTLERS IN 1812 OF AN APPROACHING ATTACK BY THE INDIANS! HE MADE THIS RIDE THROUGH UNFRIENDLY INDIAN LAND, YET HE HIMSELF WAS NEVER HARMED!
HE WAS ACCREDITED WITH A MYSTERIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF VARIOUS SEEDS THAT HAD, OR WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE HAD, GREAT HEALING POWER!

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF SUPERBOY, published Bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1953.

I. The names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

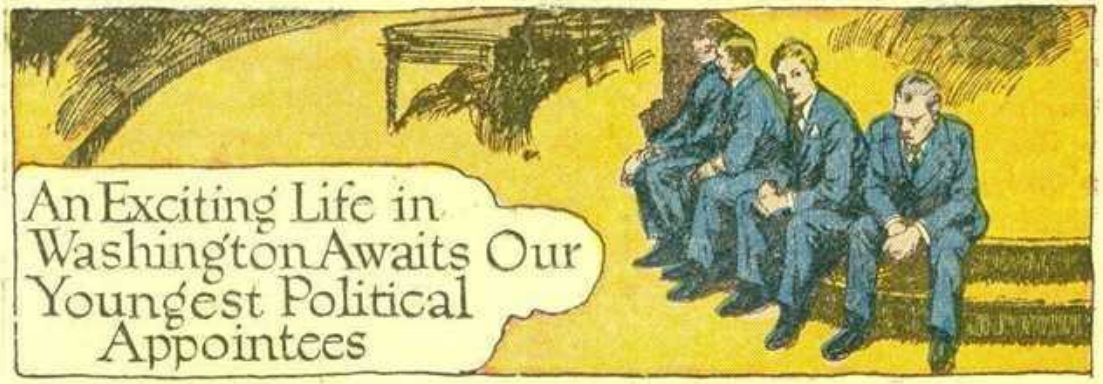
2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given) National Comics Publications, Inc., H. Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, G. Donenfeld, R. Liebowitz, S. U. Sampliner, J. S. Liebowitz & A. I. Menin as Trustees for I. Donenfeld and S. Donenfeld, A. I. Menin & J. I. Golinko as Trustees for L. Liebowitz and J. Liebowitz, A. Donenfeld, F. Iger, H. Donenfeld Foundation, Inc. (a non-stock corp., H. Donenfeld, Pres., A. I. Menin, Sec'y.), I. Donenfeld, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs shows the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1953.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public
(My Commission expires March 30, 1954).

Paging Young Mr. America



An Exciting Life in Washington Awaits Our Youngest Political Appointees

THE youngest government workers in Washington, D.C., if not in the world, are the Capitol page boys, who scurry about on errands in the august halls of Congress and the imperious chambers of the Supreme Court. Recruited not from the ranks of Civil Service, but, rather, political appointees of their Congressmen, who recommend them either to the Secretary of the Senate or the Clerk of the House of Representatives for jobs when vacancies occur, they are between 14 and 18 years of age.

Today, with a Republican administration at the helm of the nation, 49 pages in the House were selected by members of that party. Of the 21 in the Senate, only four were assigned by Democrats. This is a traditional arrangement, which represents the minority party. Four Republican appointees also are employed by the Supreme Court.

To comply with the dignity of the legislative halls, pages are required to wear a simple uniform: blue serge suit with long pants (except in the Supreme Court, where knee breeches are the order of the day), black socks, black shoes, black tie, and white shirt.

Primarily, the page is a messenger, running errands not only through the Senate and House office buildings, legislative chambers, committee rooms, etc., but over to the Pentagon, the Library of Congress and other edifices that require a thorough knowledge of the pattern of Washington and its transportation system.

Within the halls of Congress, their duties are numerous. They must keep the legislators' desks tidy, their pens clean, pencils sharpened, inkwells filled, distribute and stack laws, messages, documents and other correspondence. In other words, they furnish the material to ease the burden of our Congressmen, who are occupied these days with some of the most important problems that ever confronted the Union.

A duty, once considered to be of some magnitude but obsolete today, is still observed in the Senate—that is, filling the sandbox on each Senator's desk. Years ago, sand was used for blotting paper, but, while this use has expired, custom still demands it.

Rookie page boys must maintain a sense of humor and balance during their first days on the job, for a Congressman, like anyone else, likes to pull a practical joke. Sometimes, the novice is sent off to fetch a "bill stretcher," or to search the entire House Office Building for a "Representative Sorghum," an imaginary lawmaker created by the late Senator McNary of Oregon. Or he is given a letter to be delivered to Mr. John Q. Public, whose address, he is advised, can be found in the Washington Post Office.

On duty in the House of Representatives, pages take their position standing along the wall to the left and right of the Speaker's dais. In the Senate, however, they sit on the lowest step of the rostrum. In both places, they are at the beck and call of the members of Congress, always watchful for a raised hand, a crooked finger, or a waving sheet of paper which beckons them.

At a Congressman's signal, they respond

immediately, to deliver a message to a colleague in the chamber, or to be dispatched with considerable urgency on an errand outside the building. Failure to react at once to the signal of a lawmaker brings a nudge or a finger-snap from a supervising clerk.

Working hours are comparatively easy. They begin at 10 o'clock in the morning, and last as long as the legislators remain in session. Occasionally, however, the Congressmen reconvene and debate pending legislation well towards midnight. Time is unimportant when the nation's welfare is at stake.

Why do youngsters want to become pages? Of course, it is a great honor to serve one's country, and the appointment is regarded with respect and awe by the hometown citizenry. Naturally, too, it is a valuable educational experience, cherished by the few and select. The annual salary of $3,400 is not munificent, but in these days of inflation, it helps the family income.

What about education, since Congress meets during the regular school semesters being held elsewhere in the country? High school classes held on the third floor of the Library of Congress are like anywhere else, except for the hours. They begin every weekday at 6:30 in the morning and run until 9:39 A.M. Only 21 minutes are allotted to students to attend to their own personal matters and journey to their jobs, either in the Senate or in the House. There is no tuition since the school is supervised by the Board of Education of the District of Columbia. On graduation, students have the unique distinction of being awarded diplomas signed by the President of the United States.

Sometimes, their experience in Washington, which enables pages to witness the making of history, fascinates them to such a degree that some go on to other jobs in Congress. Many employees can look back to the day when they were black-clothed Capitol couriers.

The oldest veteran is Richard Riedel. He was a mere stripling of 10 when he was appointed a page back in 1918. Since then, he has been in the Senate's employ. Today, he is head doorkeeper.

Mark Trice, Senate Secretary, traces his career back to his introduction to Washington as a page. This also holds true for Carl Loeffler, who, up until two years ago, was secretary to the Republican minority in the Senate. Mr. Loeffler arrived at the capital as a page in 1889.

The first page was Grafton Dulany Hanson. Only nine years old, he was appointed during the Jackson administration by both Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. Soon after the Civil War, pages were taught marches and close-order drill under the supervision of a one-armed despot known as "Captain White."

This military behavior may have influenced one ex-page named Henry A. Burgevine, who preferred to enter the service of the Chinese emperor. When rebel forces promised him a high command, he switched to their forces, but, captured soon after by government forces, he drowned while trying to escape. Some sources claim that he was bound in a burlap bag and dropped into the sea.

Today, despite their open admiration for their bosses, few pages have gone on to run and win election in later years to the Senate or the House. Indeed, a survey reveals that very few have pursued political careers. Two ex-Senators and four former members of the House of Representatives got their first taste of legislative life as pages.

For the most part, most of them have gone on to join the rank and file of professional men: doctors, lawyers, business men, farmers, manufacturers, bankers, educators, and soldiers.

Despite their varied interests, they all look back fondly at their common springboard: the rich rewards of stimulating work they enjoyed on the pages' bench.

SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY

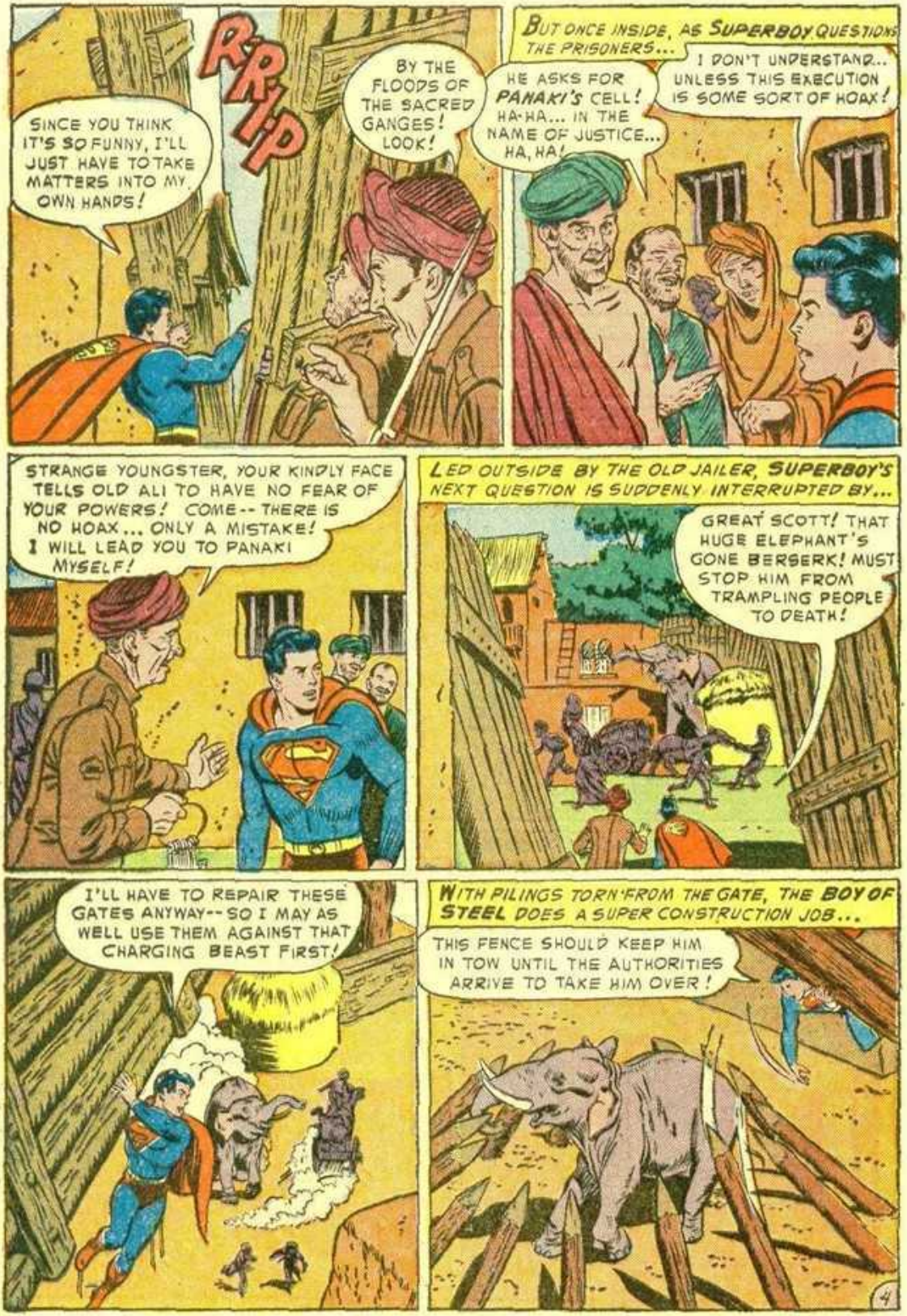
IT BEGAN IN A SMALLVILLE CLASSROOM AND ENDED UP IN DISTANT, FABULOUS INDIA, AS **SUPERBOY** DASHED HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD IN ANSWER TO THE STRANGEST PLEA FOR JUSTICE HE HAD EVER HEARD! SO FOLLOW THE **BOY OF STEEL'S** WILD TRAIL INTO THE ANCIENT JUNGLES OF THE EAST, WHERE HE SOON BECAME...

The AMAZING ELEPHANT BOY FROM SMALLVILLE!"

I'VE SEEN FINE ELEPHANT BOYS IN MY TIME--BUT NEVER ONE WHO COULD MAKE AN ELEPHANT *FLY!*

IT'S TIME FOR THE MONTHLY MEETING OF THE SMALLVILLE PEN PAL CLUB...
FELLOW MEMBERS... OUR FIRST LETTER FROM FRIENDS IN FOREIGN LANDS IS ADDRESSED TO-- LANA LANG!
GOODY! I WONDER WHO THIS ONE'S FROM?
AH-- IT'S FROM MY LITTLE FRIEND GRETCHEN, IN HOLLAND! SHE SAYS, "THANK YOU FOR THE LOVELY LEATHER SHOES YOU SENT ME... IN RETURN, I AM MAILING YOU A PAIR OF OUR WOODEN SHOES AND A BOX OF BEAUTIFUL DUTCH TULIP BULBS!" ISN'T THAT SWEET?
FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE COME SIMILAR MESSAGES OF FRIENDSHIP, EACH ONE FORGING ANOTHER MILES-LONG LINK WITH SMALLVILLE, U.S.A.!
FINALLY, THERE COMES A LETTER FOR CLARK KENT...
HMM... THIS ONE IS POSTMARKED RASPAJI, INDIA! SOUNDS EXCITING, CLARK!
WHY, THAT'S FROM MY FRIEND TARA MADRAS! I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN MONTHS!
IT SAYS... IT SAYS... WAIT A MINUTE! I--I CAN'T READ THIS LETTER!
S-SORRY, KIDS... YOU'LL HAVE TO FINISH THE MEETING WITHOUT ME! I... ER...JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING IMPORTANT I'VE GOT TO ATTEND TO!
CLARK--WAIT! WHAT ABOUT THE LETTER?
WELL!.. I NEVER---!
WHAT STRANGE MESSAGE DOES THE LETTER BEAR, TO MAKE CLARK ACT THIS WAY?
2

MOMENTS LATER, WHEN HE'S ALONE...
THIS IS TERRIBLE! "DEAR CLARK KENT.. I'M SORRY I WAS NOT ABLE TO WRITE SOONER -- BUT RECENTLY, MY DEAR FRIEND PANAKI, ONLY 12 YEARS OLD, WAS CONDEMNED TO DIE FOR CRIMES HE NEVER COMMITTED!"
"WE HAVE NO MEANS OF DEFENDING PANAKI... IT WOULD TAKE A SUPERBOY, WHOM I HEAR LIVES IN SMALLVILLE, TO SAVE HIM! SO UNTIL MY FATHER AND I GET OVER OUR SADNESS, PLEASE FORGIVE THIS UNHAPPY NOTE... YOUR PEN PAL, TARA MADRAS!"
GOSH -- I MUST TRY TO HELP HIM!
HASTILY, UNDER CONCEALMENT, THE MILD-MANNERED YOUTH DOFFS HIS OUTER GARMENTS...
...TO BECOME SUPERBOY, BOY OF STEEL!
AND WITHIN SECONDS, WINGING HIS WAY ACROSS THE BROAD PACIFIC...
I HATED TO RUN OUT ON THE CLUB THAT WAY, BUT THERE WASN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE! A 12-YEAR OLD BOY CONDEMNED TO DEATH... IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE!
SHORTLY, IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF RASPAJI, INDIA, OUTSIDE THE HOME OF YOUNG TARA MADRAS...
OH, FATHER -- PERHAPS EVEN NOW :SOB: THE VILLAGE HEADMAN WILL BE LEADING PANAKI OUT TO DIE! :SOB-SOB: I CANNOT BEAR IT!
OH, OH... I'M NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON! MUST GET RIGHT OVER TO THE PRISON AND STALL THAT EXECUTION!
SOON, OUTSIDE THE PRISON...
QUICK -- WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE? I MUST SPEAK TO THE PRISONER PANAKI!
HA-HA... THE LAD IS FUNNIER THAN HIS FUNNY CLOTHING! SPEAK TO PANAKI... OH-HA-HA-HA!


SINCE YOU THINK IT'S SO FUNNY, I'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS!
RRIP
BY THE FLOODS OF THE SACRED GANGES! LOOK!
BUT ONCE INSIDE, AS SUPERBOY QUESTIONS THE PRISONERS...
HE ASKS FOR PANAKI'S CELL! HA-HA... IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE... HA, HA!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND... UNLESS THIS EXECUTION IS SOME SORT OF HOAX!
STRANGE YOUNGSTER, YOUR KINDLY FACE TELLS OLD ALI TO HAVE NO FEAR OF YOUR POWERS! COME -- THERE IS NO HOAX... ONLY A MISTAKE! I WILL LEAD YOU TO PANAKI MYSELF!
LED OUTSIDE BY THE OLD JAILER, SUPERBOY'S NEXT QUESTION IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY...
GREAT SCOTT! THAT HUGE ELEPHANT'S GONE BERSERK! MUST STOP HIM FROM TRAMPLING PEOPLE TO DEATH!
I'LL HAVE TO REPAIR THESE GATES ANYWAY -- SO I MAY AS WELL USE THEM AGAINST THAT CHARGING BEAST FIRST!
WITH PILINGS TORN FROM THE GATE, THE BOY OF STEEL DOES A SUPER CONSTRUCTION JOB...
THIS FENCE SHOULD KEEP HIM IN TOW UNTIL THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVE TO TAKE HIM OVER!
4

OH MIGHTY YOUNGSTER--YOU HAVE SAVED MANY LIVES WITH YOUR WONDROUS MAGIC IN SUBDUING PANAKI!
WHAT--? DID YOU SAY PANAKI? YOU MEAN, THIS ELEPHANT IS PANAKI?
BUT OF COURSE! NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHY THE MEN IN THE JAIL LAUGHED?
NO WONDER! I THOUGHT PANAKI WAS A BOY! THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING... AND THE BEAST CERTAINLY IS DANGEROUS!
YES--BUT BEND CLOSE AND HEAR AN OLD MAN'S WISDOM! OBSERVE THE BEAST'S GENTLE FACE... I WOULD SAY SUCH A CREATURE WOULD NOT GO BERSERK EXCEPT IF HE WERE MADE TO!
HMM... HE DOES SEEM GENTLE NOW! BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE...
JUST THEN...
MY THANKS TO SUPERBOY--FOR HE YOU MUST BE, JUDGING BY PHOTOS I HAVE SEEN! I AM AJUNA, VILLAGE HEADMAN, AND MOST GRATEFUL FOR YOUR STOPPING THIS DANGEROUS BEAST! BUT WHAT BRINGS YOU TO RASPAJI?
ER--YOU MIGHT CALL IT A MISUNDERSTANDING ABOUT AN ELEPHANT, AJUNA! BUT ANYWAY--I MUST BE OFF NOW!
AS YOU WISH! AND BE ASSURED THIS WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN... WE SHALL DESTROY THIS BEAST TONIGHT!
BUT BEFORE LEAVING INDIA, THE BOY OF STEEL DECIDES TO PAY ONE MORE CALL...
HI, TARA! CLARK KENT TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR TROUBLES, AND I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU IF I CAN!
SUPERBOY!
ALAS! ALL IS NOT LOST YET!
5

PRESENTLY, AFTER THE INDIAN FATHER AND SON RECOVER FROM THEIR SURPRISE..
CAN PANAKI BE DANGEROUS WHEN FOR YEARS HE HAS FAITHFULLY SERVED US-- AND BEEN A FRIEND AND COMPANION TO MY SON? NO-- I AM SURE THAT AJUNA USES DARK MAGIC ON PANAKI, AS AN EXCUSE TO KILL HIM!
BUT WHY? WHAT CAN AJUNA GAIN BY KILLING YOUR ELEPHANT?
I DO NOT KNOW, SUPERBOY! PANAKI'S MAIN USE TO ME IS IN MY LOGGING BUSINESS, WHICH DOES NOT HURT AJUNA ONE BIT! OH, IF ONLY YOU COULD HELP FIND THE REASON!
AFTERWARD, AS THE CONFUSED SUPERBOY GOES TO HELP TARA'S FATHER MOVE HIS LOGS FROM THE JUNGLE...
THIS IS THE LEAST I CAN DO, SINCE THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO TOW THEM TO THE MILL WITHOUT THE ELEPHANT! NOW-- IF I CAN DIVERT A JUNGLE STREAM TO PROVIDE PERMANENT TRANSPORT...
FINDING A USELESS STREAM, HE PROCEEDS TO DIG A LOGGING CANAL AT SUPER-SPEED...
WITH THIS STREAM LEADING TO THE MILL, TARA AND HIS FATHER CAN DO WITHOUT THE ELEPHANT... AND TARA WILL SOON GET OVER ITS LOSS! AFTER ALL, "DARK MAGIC" CERTAINLY ISN'T ENOUGH TO PROVE A VICIOUS ELEPHANT GENTLE! PANAKI WILL HAVE TO DIE!
BUT WHEN HE RETURNS TO TELL TARA'S FATHER OF HIS DECISION...
THE ELEPHANT--THE LOGS... THEY ARE NOTHING! BUT TARA... HE HAS RUN OFF! HE SAID HE WILL TRY TO RIDE THE ELEPHANT FROM THE HEADMAN'S STOCKADE-- TO PROVE PANAKI'S GENTLENESS!
GREAT SCOTT! I MUST STOP HIM!
SECONDS LATER, AT THE HEADMAN'S STOCKADE...
YES -- THE BOY DID GO OFF ON THE ELEPHANT, AND I MADE NO EFFORT TO STOP HIM! LET HIM BE KILLED BY THE BEAST! THEN ALL WILL KNOW I WAS RIGHT IN DEMANDING ITS EXECUTION!
ISN'T THAT GOING A BIT TOO FAR, AJUNA? YOU SHOULD HAVE STOPPED HIM!
6

SWIFTLY, SUPERBOY HASTENS AFTER TARA AND THE ELEPHANT...
THERE THEY ARE... AND I MUST ADMIT I'VE NEVER SEEN A FRIENDLIER LOOKING ELEPHANT! HMM... THERE'S THAT HENCHMAN WHO WAS WITH AJUNA EARLIER! WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING HERE?
SUDDENLY...
LOOK! THE ELEPHANT IS GOING BERSERK AGAIN!
OH, NO!
WITH A LIGHTNING DASH, SUPERBOY MANAGES TO CATCH TARA-- BUT...
THE ELEPHANT'S ABOUT TO TRAMPLE THAT MAN WITH THE CART... AND SCARCELY A SECOND TO SPARE! MY ONLY CHANCE TO STOP HIM IS WITH THIS BRIDGE!
HURLING THE BRIDGE OUT LIKE A SNAKING WHIP, SUPERBOY YANKS THE MAD BEAST OFF HIS FEET...
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT WHAT MADE HIM SUDDENLY GO BERSERK?
I--I TELL YOU, IT WAS DARK MAGIC! PANAKI IS A GOOD ELEPHANT!
I'M SORRY, TARA, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IN YOUR "DARK MAGIC"! YOUR ELEPHANT IS DANGEROUS, AND HE MUST BE DONE AWAY WITH TONIGHT! IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

BUT ›SOB‹ I KNOW PANAKI... HE'S REALLY GENTLE! PLEASE ›SOB-SOB‹ YOU MUST BELIEVE ME!
AH--I SEE THERE'S BEEN TROUBLE! WELL, SUPERBOY, I HOPE YOU WON'T BE TAKEN IN BY HIS "DARK MAGIC" TALK ANYMORE!

AJUNA'S RIGHT, TARA--EVEN THOUGH I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR WANTING TO PROTECT YOUR ANIMAL FRIEND! PANAKI IS A MENACE!
AND YOU ›CHOKE‹ ARE SUPPOSED TO BE A FRIEND OF CHILDREN! WELL, ›SOB‹ YOU'RE NO FRIEND OF MINE, SUPERBOY! GOOD-BYE!

WHAT A SAD ENDING TO A THIS MISSION! IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY OF MAKING TARA FEEL I HAVEN'T REALLY LET HIM DOWN! BUT I GUESS TIME IS THE ONLY THING THAT CAN HEAL HIS WOUNDS!

THEN, AS SUPERBOY RESTORES THE BRIDGE HE USED...
HMM... THAT SHED WHERE AJUNA'S PAL SUDDENLY SHOWED HIMSELF BEFORE... WONDER WHAT HE WAS DOING THERE? SOMEHOW, I CAN'T HELP FEELING I'VE OVERLOOKED SOMETHING... BUT WHAT?

AND UPON RETURNING TO THE ELEPHANT STOCKADE...
NO--THAT RIFLE IS TOO HEAVY... IT WILL KILL THE BEAST INSTANTLY! WE WANT A LIGHTER WEAPON--ONE THAT WILL CAUSE HIM TO LINGER AWHILE--OR ALL OUR TROUBLE'S FOR NOTHING!
WHAT--? THAT'S AJUNA'S VOICE!

THERE IS SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON! THEY DON'T WANT TO KILL THE BEAST AT ONCE... JUST WOUND HIM! BUT WHAT KIND OF EXECUTION IS THAT, UNLESS--UNLESS... HOLY SMOKES! I THINK I HAVE IT!

PLAYING A HUNCH, SUPERBOY MAKES A LONG SEARCH OF THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE, TILL FINALLY...
I WAS RIGHT! ACCORDING TO MY X-RAY VISION, THAT'S THE PLACE-- THOUGH THE ENTRANCE HAS BEEN BLOCKED OVER BY FALLING BOULDERS!

CRASH
WELL-- I CAN FIX THAT! I WANT TO MAKE THINGS AS EASY AS POSSIBLE FOR AJUNA AND HIS PAL WHEN THEY GET HERE TONIGHT--BECAUSE THEY'RE DUE FOR A BIGGER SURPRISE THAN THEY EVER IMAGINED!
WHAT HAS THE BOY OF STEEL UNCOVERED-- AND WHAT IS HE PLANNING? CAN YOU GUESS?

THAT EVENING, BACK IN THE VILLAGE...
ALL RIGHT-- FIRE! I'LL OPEN THE STOCKADE GATE AND LET HIM CHARGE OUT-- AND WE'LL FOLLOW THE WOUNDED CREATURE! WHO'LL SUSPECT WE AREN'T JUST TRYING TO RECAPTURE HIM?

BUT AS THE RIFLE SHOT RINGS OUT...
A WELL-AIMED STONE, THROWN AT SUPER-SPEED, AND THE BULLET NEVER TOUCHES PANAKI! NOW TO GET BENEATH THE BEAST SO THEY DON'T SUSPECT HE WASN'T WOUNDED!
CRACK

PROMPTED BY SUPERBOY, THE "INJURED" BEAST ROARS, SNORTS, AND DASHES OFF...
NOW TO SEE WHAT KIND OF ELEPHANT BOY I CAN BE-- GUIDING HIM TO THE SPOT WHERE THEY HOPE HE'LL LEAD THEM!
COME ON-- LET'S FOLLOW! HURRY!

OUT THEY GO THROUGH THE VILLAGE, AND DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE...
THE ENTRANCE IS JUST AHEAD! I CAN START LIFTING THE ELEPHANT AND SWEEPING HIM OUT OF SIGHT!
UGH! HE GOES FAST FOR A WOUNDED BEAST, AND--AND...WAIT! SOMETHING IS WRONG! HE-HE'S UP IN THE AIR!

AND AS THE ELEPHANT VANISHES BEFORE THE STARTLED PAIR, THEY SUDDENLY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE ROCKY ENTRANCE TO...

THE ELEPHANT GRAVE YARD--WHERE ALL SICK ELEPHANTS GO TO DIE! A FORTUNE IN IVORY, ONLY--ONLY WHERE IS PANAKI? THERE'S SOME DARK MAGIC HERE...

Y-YES... I AM FRIGHTENED!

SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE HEAP OF BONES...

E-E-E-EK! HELP! HELP! THE GODS ARE ANGRY! WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE TRIED THIS DECEITFUL WAY OF USING PANAKI TO FIND THIS PLACE!

AND WITH THAT FRIGHTENED CONFESSION...

THAT WAS ALL WE NEEDED TO KNOW, AJUNA! ONCE SUPERBOY GUESSED YOUR TRICK, IT WASN'T HARD TO FIX THINGS SO YOU'D BE TERRIFIED INTO ADMITTING THAT YOU FRAMED PANAKI!

AND YOU WILL GET A FAIRER TRIAL THAN YOU GAVE PANAKI!

THUS, BACK IN SMALLVILLE, THE FOLLOWING DAY...

...SO THAT'S WHY YOU RAN OUT ON THE MEETING-- YOU HAD TO GET WORD TO SUPERBOY AT ONCE! BUT WHAT WAS THIS AJUNA'S MOTIVE?... AND WHAT DID MAKE THAT ELEPHANT GO BERSERK?

THE MOTIVE WAS SIMPLE, LANA! AJUNA WANTED THE IVORY TUSKS OF THOSE DEAD ELEPHANTS, WORTH A FORTUNE!

...AND ACCORDING TO SUPERBOY, AJUNA'S HENCHMAN LATER ADMITTED BEATING PANAKI WITH HIS CANE SO THAT FINALLY, THE MERE SIGHT OF THAT CANE WOULD DRIVE THE ELEPHANT FRANTIC WITH FEAR! BUT--IT'S ALL OVER NOW... TARA'S REGAINED HIS BELOVED PET AND HIS FAITH IN SUPERBOY!

THE END

PEG
SCHOOL TODAY. I CAN'T WAIT -- OUR NEW FRENCH TEACHER, M'SIEU LA FLEUR, IS A DREAM.
I'M WEARING MY NEW TAFFETA DRESS. MAYBE HE'LL NOTICE ME!
HENRY BOLTINOFF
JEEPERS!
BULLETIN BOA
I HOPE I CAN GET BACK BEFORE THE BELL RINGS!
AND..
HI, PEG. I SAW YOU RUSHING HOME. WHAT'S THE IDEA?
OH, I JUST THOUGHT I'D SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE!
DID YOU SEE THE BULLETIN BOARD? TOO BAD OUR NEW FRENCH TEACHER IS OUT WITH A COLD TODAY, ISN'T IT?
THE END